

Thoughts on Diwali... 🌟🔥

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A Message to My Parents

Diwali is here and I have so many feelings I want to share especially with my parents who can't accept our relationship. This might sound like something out of a movie but it's truly what I feel.

At my age many women celebrate their first Diwali after marriage or they're enjoying it with their children and new families. Why can't I have that? I know my disability is part of it and yes it's a big deal. But let me imagine how things would be if I married Pradee. My parents would have made this a special Diwali for us celebrating our marriage. I'd wear a saree and jewelry that "newly married" look, and the yellow sacred thread. But beyond appearances it's the happiness in my heart that would matter most. Seeing my special one with my family celebrating officially would be a unique memory, one I'd cherish.

Celebrations might fade with time but the first of each festival is always special. It's been years since I've touched a firecracker; I could light them with Pradee and my little brother. Even a simple Diwali with family and food would feel unforgettable yet somehow, I've missed out on all this.

I wonder is it my fault for focusing on what I don't have instead of what I do? Or is it the way life and people around me have made me feel? Am I not capable or is this just what I have to accept? I'm lost in what I've missed not knowing if it's my doing or something beyond my control.

"Life isn't the same for everyone..."